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HANDBOOK

OF

NANTUCKET,

CONTAINING A

BRIEF HISTORICAL SKETCH OF
THE ISLAND,

Isaac with H. Folger

NOTES OF INTEREST TO SUMMER VISITORS.



NANTUCKET :

Published at the ISLAND REVIEW Office,
MAIN STREET.

1875.

“TWO BOATS A DAY!”

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

NANTUCKET AND WOODS HOLE.

OAK BLUFFS AND VINEYARD ISLANDS.

EDGARTOWN AND KATAMA.

Vineyard Haven & Falmouth Heights.

Commencing on Monday, July 6th, and thereafter until further notice, the Steamers

ISLAND HOME, CAPTAIN N. H. MANTER,

AND

RIVER QUEEN, CAPTAIN GEO. H. BROCK,

will make daily trips as follows :

Leave Nantucket at 7.45 A. M., 2.30 P. M.

Leave Oak Bluffs at 6.30, 10.20 A. M., 1.20 P. M.

Leave Vineyard Highlands at 6.20, 10.25 A. M., 1.25 P. M., connecting at Woods Hole with trains of the Old Colony Railroad, leaving at 7.20 A. M., 11.30 (express) A. M., 2.35 P. M.

Returning, leave Woods Hole for Vineyard Highlands and Oak Bluffs, at 11.10, A. M., direct, 2.10 P. M., direct, 6.45 P. M., (touching at Vineyard Haven.)

The steamer for Nantucket connects at Woods Hole with the 11.30 A. M. train from Boston, landing passengers at Nantucket at 5.45 P. M., and on Saturdays the 4 P. M. train will also connect with the River Queen at Woods Hole, touching at Oak Bluffs and arriving at Nantucket at 10 P. M.

Leave Vineyard Haven for Oak Bluffs and Woods Hole at 6.00 A. M.

Leave Woods Hole for Vineyard Haven at 6.45 P. M.

Leave Oak Bluffs for Nantucket at 8.35 A. M. (excepting Saturdays,) and 3.30 P. M., and on Saturdays at 7.45 P. M.

Trains connect at Middleboro' for Taunton and Providence, 10.10 A. M., 1.10 and 4.40 P. M.

Passengers from Martha's Vineyard connect at Middleboro' at 10.10 A. M. with trains for Hartford, via Providence, and for New York, via Fall River line, 4.40 P. M. Leave Providence for Oak Bluffs at 8 and 10.50 A. M. For Nantucket, at 10.50 A. M.

Through tickets for sale on the boats, and baggage checked via Old Colony Railroad to New Bedford, Taunton, Providence, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Brockton, Middleboro', Fall River and Newport.

THE STEAMER
ISLAND HOME,

WILL MAKE A
Daily Excursion to Nantucket,

Saturdays and Sundays Excepted.

Leaving Woods Hole at 7.30 A. M., Falmouth Heights at 8 A. M., and Oak Bluffs at 8.35 A. M.

Returning, will leave Nantucket at 2.30 P. M., and Oak Bluffs at 5.15 P. M., for Falmouth Heights, thence to Woods Hole, arriving here at about 6.20 P. M.

These Excursions enable parties to enjoy a

Fine Sail Across the Sound,

Breathing the cool sea air, and to stop

SOME THREE HOURS AT NANTUCKET,

AND RETURN IN TIME FOR TEA.

N. B.—The above was the arrangement for the Summer of 1874, and it probably will not be materially altered for the season of 1875.

C. C. CROSBY, Clerk.

TO SAILING PARTIES!

THE

COMMODOUS AND SPEEDY
YACHT,
FLORA TEMPLE,

WILLIAM JERNEGAN, Master,

Can be found at Steamboat Wharf ready for

Blue-fishing, Sharking, Scupping, Clambakes,
AND
MOONLIGHT EXCURSIONS.

The Flora Temple

Is fitted with Excellent Cabin Accommodations, and no
pains will be spared in securing

THE COMFORT OF PASSENGERS.

APPLY ON BOARD THE YACHT, OR AT THE HOUSE,
CORNER CENTRE AND PEARL STREETS.

Summer Pleasure Boats.

THE SLOOP

“DAUNTLESS”

Will leave her moorings near the foot of Old North Wharf, for

Cliff Shore Bathing-Houses,

Every morning, (Sundays excepted,) at 9 o'clock, and run until 1 o'clock, P. M. After that, the “Dauntless” can be chartered by parties to go on fishing excursions, for clam bakes, squantums, moonlight excursions up harbor, &c.

Strangers, as well as our own people, will find this a delightful sail across Nantucket harbor and around Brant Point, our pleasant town and the shore line being in view the entire distance.

The “Dauntless” is a passenger boat, clean and neat, built expressly for the route to the Cliff.

The landing at the Bathing Grounds is a little pier, jutting out from the pebbly beach, and all passengers can leave the boat or come on board with no inconvenience or fear of a wetting.

Fare Ten Cents Each Way.

BARZILLAI R. BURDETT, Master,

NANTUCKET, - - MASS.

SAIL BOATS AND ROW BOATS

TO LET BY THE DAY OR HOUR.

NANTUCKET, July 1, 1874

SUMMER PLEASURE BOAT.

THE

FAST-SAILING AND COMMODIOUS

YACHT,

White Cloud,

CAPTAIN J. M. WINSLOW,

WILL LIE AT STEAMBOAT WHARF THE PRESENT SEASON.

PARTIES TAKEN

Sharking, Bluefishing and Scupping.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO

Clambakes, Picnics and Moonlight Excursions.

Sherburne House,

NO. 48 ORANGE STREET,

NANTUCKET, MASS.

JOHN W. MACY,

PROPRIETOR.

The facilities of this well-known House are such that it commends itself to the traveling public. It is situated in a pleasant part of the town, and commands a fine view of the Bay and Harbor.

TERMS MODERATE.

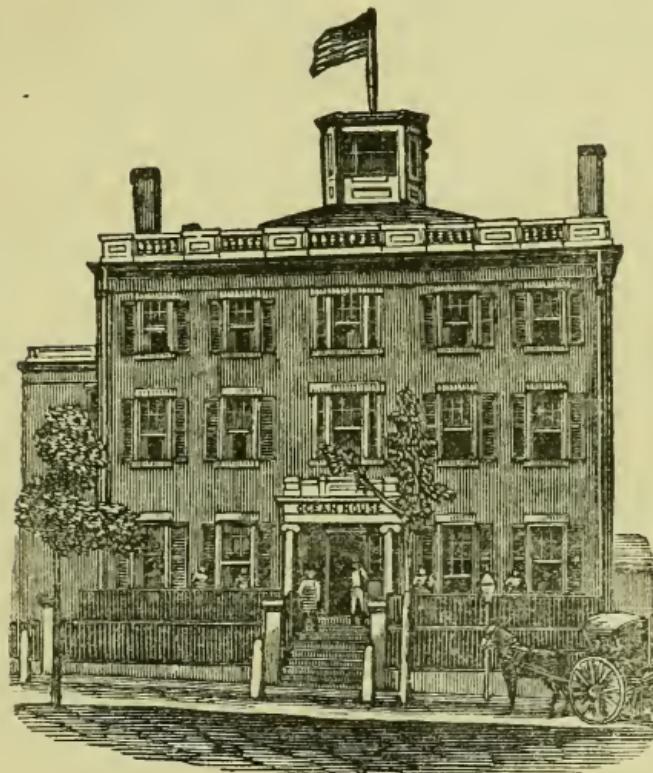
William A. Searell,

(FORMERLY OF THE WAVERLY HOUSE,)

CLERK.

**OCEAN HOUSE,
NANTUCKET,--MASS.**

OPEN FROM JUNE TO OCTOBER.



This house having been thoroughly renovated, re-furnished and enlarged, is now opened for the reception of guests. In connection with the house, are yachts with competent captains to convey parties on

Fishing Excursions, Clambakes, Picnics, &c.

EVANS HOUSE.

175 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. (Opposite the Common).

Howe & Elmer.

A. L. HOWE, late of Pavilion Hotel, Wolfeboro, N. H.
W. A. ELMER, late of Union Place Hotel, New York.

G. F. BARREAU,

Fashionable Tailor,

HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND

A FULL LINE OF

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

Woolen Cloths

AND

VESTINGS,

AT

No. 3, CALDER'S BLOCK,

Main Street, Nantucket, Mass.

Every Garment Warranted Perfect.

HERBERT S. SWEET,

Watchmaker, Jeweller & Engraver.

No. 5 Main Street.

REPAIRING NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

DIFFICULT JOBS SOLICITED.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,

SILVER AND PLATED WARE.

Spectacles, Eye Glasses, &c.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS,

EMBRACING SCENES IN

Siasconset and all other points of Interest on the Island.

ALSO EXCELLENT VIEWS OF THE

Black-Fish "Cutting in" Blubber at the Wharf, &c.

NEW GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED AT

Mrs. George C. Ray's,

TOYS, BOOKS, STATIONERY,

CONFECTIONERY, &c.

Games in Great Variety.

BRACKETS,

Writing Desks, Portfolios, Work

Baskets, Beads, Mottos, Perfumery, Paper

And Towel Racks, Pictures and Frames,

Photograph and Autograph Albums, and many other

Articles too numerous to mention.

Second-hand Books Selling Low

FROM THE "CIRCULATING LIBRARY."

Please Call and Examine Our Stock for yourself.

D. B. PADDACK & CO.,

Painters, Glaziers,

AND

PAPER HANGERS.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Paints, Oils, Brushes,

Window-Glass, &c.

Corner Main and Washington Streets,

NANTUCKET.

David B Paddack. Benj. B. Long. Henry Paddack.

JUST RECEIVED!

A LARGE STOCK OF

Foreign and American Fancy Goods,**RICH GOLD JEWELRY,****Watches, Clocks,****Solid Sterling Silver and Silver-Plated Ware**

FROM THE BEST MANUFACTURERS.

Japanese Goods,**SEA SHELLS, CHROMOS,**

Frames, Knobs and Cord, Perfumery, Stationery, Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views, both Foreign and American; a large variety of Nantucket Views; Ladies' and Gents' Traveling Bags; the Parlor Kaleidoscope, Umbrellas, Canes, Bird Cages,
&c., &c.

Fancy Engraving Done at Short Notice.

M. Coggshall's Emporium.

E. H. PARKER,

DEALER IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC GROCERIES,

F L O U R,

Crockery and Glass Ware,

CANNED FRUITS,

TABLE SAUCES, PICKLES, &c., &c.

Fruits of all Kinds in their Season.

Tobacco and Cigars of the Finest Quality

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

COR. MAIN AND CENTRE STREETS,

NANTUCKET, - - - MASS.

J. W. HALLETT,

Cor. Main and Federal Streets,

NANTUCKET, MASS.

MANUFACTURER OF

CLOTHING,

AND DEALER IN

Parlor Organs

AND

SEWING MACHINES.

MASON & HAMLIN
ORGANS!
BEST IN THE WORLD.

Single Reed for 50 and 65 Dollars.
Double Reed for 110, 125, 130, 150, 190 Dollars,
And Upwards.

A. T. MOWRY,
Sole Agent for Nantucket.

GAS FIXTURES

OF ALL KINDS.

Gas Stoves, Burners, Globes, &c.

THE CELEBRATED

Noiseless Argand Burner,

The Best in the World for Reading or Sewing,

FOR SALE BY

A. T. MOWRY.

CHARLES H. JAGGAR,
APOTHECARY,
Allen's Block, Main St., Nantucket, Mass.

ESTABLISHED IN 1855.

DEALER IN

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals and Toilet Articles
OF ALL KINDS.

Particular attention given to the Compounding of Physician's Prescriptions and Family Recipes.

MY STOCK OF

PROPRIETARY ARTICLES

Is very Large and Complete, embracing almost the whole line in general use.

Toilet & Bathing Sponges, Hair, Nail & Tooth Brushes,
TOILET COMBS,

And a Full Assortment of all Articles in this line.

Ice Cold Soda, with Pure Fruit Syrups, and Mineral Waters,
Drawn from Puffer's Carbonated Apparatus.

PROPRIETOR OF

Jaggar's Persian Balm for the Hair,

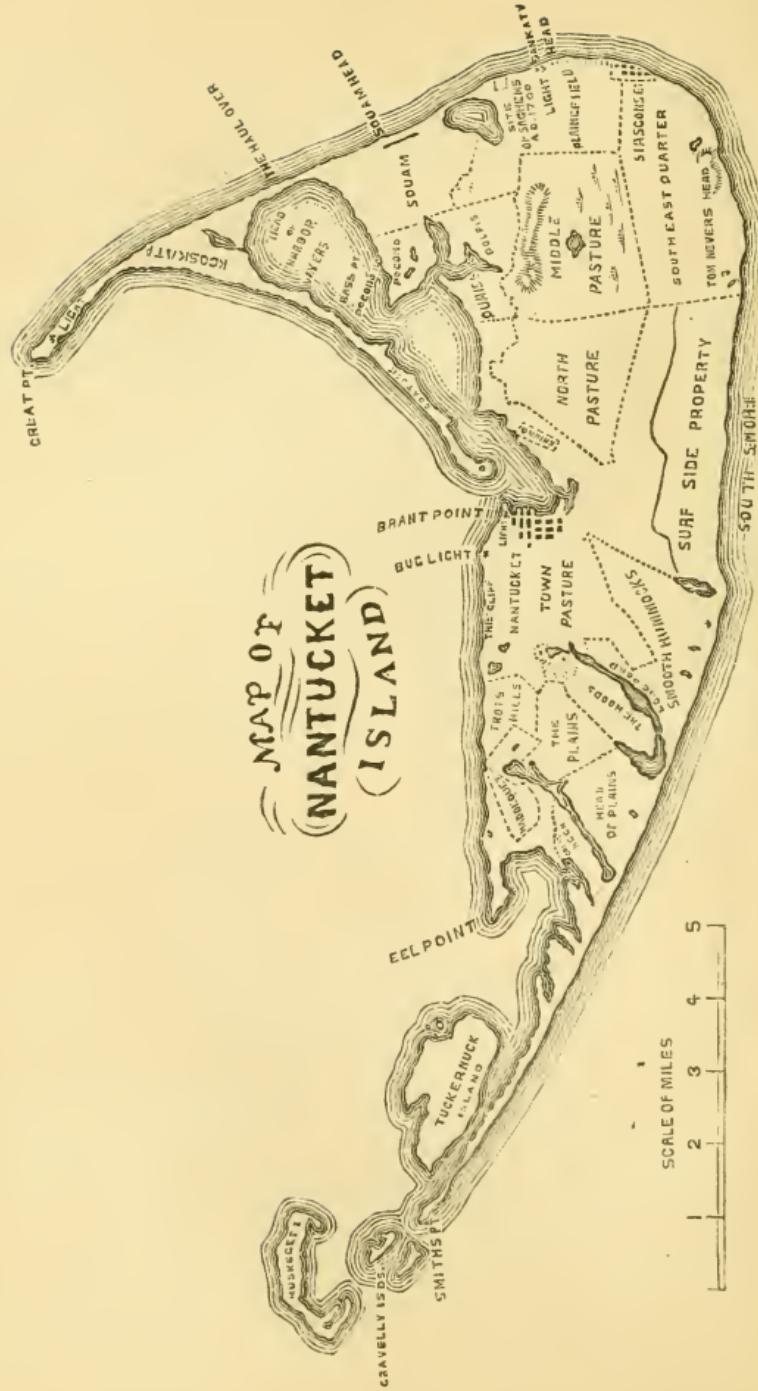
Which has been in use nearly twenty years, giving very general satisfaction.

A Full Assortment of Cigars and Tobacco always on hand.

ALSO

A general assortment of Confectionery, at Wholesale or Retail. Pure Spices and Flavoring Extracts. Families, Hotels and Ice Cream Saloons, supplied at the lowest prices. Spring Waters in Siphons and Bottles.

MAP OF
(NANTUCKET)
(ISLAND)



HANDBOOK

OF

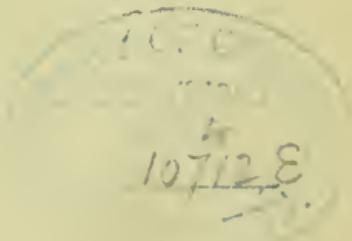
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WITH

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Published at the ISLAND REVIEW Office,
MAIN STREET.

1875.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by
I. H. FOLGER,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

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P R E F A C E.

We offer to the public this little Handbook of the Island of Nantucket, trusting it may find favor in their eyes, and that some of the information contained in it may be found worthy of attention.

Our reason for publishing the book is because many of our summer visitors desire to have some accurate, condensed epitome of the Island, and also, because when arriving here, strangers to the place, they desire some guide as to how they shall employ their time pleasantly to themselves, and with as little loss as possible.

The excellent map we have procured for the book will explain to those who are unacquainted with the Island the shape of the place, as well as giving the names of the principal localities, so that when they desire to visit any point, by referring to this map, they can quickly perceive the readiest way, and as the roads from the town are well defined after they leave the outskirts, there is little danger of getting astray.

Our historical, and other information has been collated with unusual care and reference, and although mistakes may have occurred, we have endeavored to avoid errors of any magnitude, and trust that the matter contained herein is substantially correct.

When we announced that we intended publishing a book of this description, many requests were made, to the effect that we incorporate into it an account of the former whaling business of the place, to which we partially assented; but on examination we found that to do so, would be to exclude all other matter from our pages, and so with regrets of our inability to comply in that respect with the wishes of our friends, we were compelled to omit the list of names of the whaling fleet that we have access to, hoping that at some future day, the coming historian of Nantucket will give the record the full consideration, and the space it demands, which this little pamphlet will not allow.

For the good wishes we have had in preparing this volume, and the liberal aid received from our friends in the shape of advertisements, we give our sincere thanks; and as this is our first attempt at publishing in book form, we crave the indulgence of the kind public if we have committed any glaring mistakes.

A preface, at the best, is but an apology, and according to the time-honored custom of authors and publishers, we submit this excuse—that among the chaff we publish here, may there be found a few sound kernels.

EDITOR OF THE ISLAND REVIEW.

Nantucket, May, 1875.

AN
HISTORICAL SKETCH
OF THE
ISLAND OF NANTUCKET.

Although it is popularly supposed that Christopher Columbus was the original discoverer of America, in 1492, it is now absolutely certain that seamen had preceded him centuries before, and that he was only repeating history when he announced to a more enlightened world the existence of a vast continent across the ocean, for it is now definitely settled that a bold and hardy Norwegian seaman crossed the stormy Atlantic to colonies in Greenland, in the year 985, discovering Nantucket on that voyage, naming it *Nauticon*.

Our island, from the time this daring navigator, Bjorne Herjulfson by name, discovered it, seems to be without historical record, until it was visited by Bartholomew Gosnold, an Englishman, in the year 1602.

In the year 1620, Nantucket was included in the grant to the Plymouth Company under a patent from the English Crown, under which patent, William, Earl of Sterling, and Fernando Gorges, claimed authority over it, and by whom it was conveyed to Thomas Mayhew in 1640 or 1641.

Some eighteen years later, Thomas Mayhew sold to Tristram Coffin, Thomas Macy, Christopher Hussey, Richard Swain, Thomas Barnard, Peter Coffin, Stephen Greenleaf, John Swain and William Pile, nine-tenths of the island, excepting that part called Quaise (see map on cover), to hold in common with himself. Each of these ten were authorized to select an associate or partner, and thus the number of proprietors was increased to twenty. The consideration named in the deed was, "Thirty pounds of current pay, and also two beaver hats, one for myself and one for my wife."

Although the ten men had become owners of all the right and title to the island that the Crown could give them, yet they considered that the tribes of Indians who held possession were the true owners, so they commenced to treat with the various sachems, and shortly acquired by purchase, a large part of the land from the natives.

In 1659, in the fall, when the Quakers in Massachusetts were being persecuted for their religious tenets, Thomas Macy of Salisbury, having given shelter to some friends during a tempest, incurred thereby the displeasure of the people and the law, and to avoid punishment, and also escape to some place where more liberality was tolerated, took his family and Edward Starbuck in an open boat, arriving in a short time at Nantucket, landing on the north side of the island.

The liberality of feeling in Thomas Macy to assist suffering humanity in an age of superstition and religious bigotry, even if the objects of his charity were of a despised and persecuted sect, has been sung to the world in a hymn of praise, by a poet, who belongs to the denomination that was then placed beyond the pale of society and law, and at this late day preserve their faith with increased purity, and remember gratefully that there was one man that dared to obey the dictates of his conscience at all hazards, and relieve their suffering brethren, even if it brought punishment on his own head; and now nearly two centuries later his act is still remembered and his praise sung by one of their own faith, in the beautiful poem entitled *The Exiles*. It is hardly necessary

to say that the poet is a bard of the present time — Whittier.

There were about fifteen hundred Indians on the island when the fugitives arrived here, and the white men found that they were friendly and peaceable, the natives treating the strangers with great kindness. Fish and fowl were plenty, and the wanderers finding they were hospitably received, located at Maddeket harbor, where they built them a house.

During the spring of 1660, Edward Starbuck went back to Salisbury, and prevailed upon several of the joint proprietors to take their families and return with him to his new home to settle there. As an inducement for immigration the proprietors granted to seven other persons, principally mechanics, a share in the whole island equal with their own, provided they would move here and make new homes.

Every year they selected a new tract of land, cleared and fenced it, and after it was ready to farm, divided it into twenty-seven shares, each owner in common tilling his own portion or not as he desired.

Having, after a time, acquired a considerable number of cattle and sheep, the stock fed at large

on the island, roaming at will, except in the month of June, when the sheep were driven into enclosures, washed and sheared of their fleecy coats, and then turned out to pasture as before. This method of caring for the stock was kept up for nearly two hundred years, only ceasing in 1848, when, by vote of the proprietors of the common and undivided land, on account of the great abuses that had crept into the custom, the principal one of which was the fact that many persons pastured more stock than their inheritance or purchase of land gave them privilege to use, it was decided to restrain all from pasturage outside of the enclosed tracts. The greatest objections to this regulation came from those who over-stocked, and those who owned no land at all, and was the cause of many and bitter dissensions; but it was finally accepted, and "The Sheep Question" resolved itself into a subject for argument for many a year, until now, dying out, is hardly thought to be worth mentioning. Those of us who remember the time, however, when our common and undivided land outside the town was dotted with some ten thousand sheep, remember Nantucket in her palmy days, when our streets resembled the crowded thoroughfare of a city (we were even

aspiring to be one), when business was brisk, the air resounding with the noise of the caulking-iron, as the carpenters worked like bees on the shipping at the wharves, the coopers aiding in the hum of prosperity as they hammered in swift cadences, “cooper, cooper, round the cask!” while the sturdy blacksmith, with his heavier tools, his iron at welding heat, aided by the hands of his lusty assistant, kept the air alive with his not unmelodious ring of, “ten, pound, ten! ten, pound, ten!” all contributing their portion in fitting a ship to sail to all parts of the world to seek for the oleaginous gains that gave Nantucket the name of THE HOME OF THE WHALE-FISHERY; the industry only relaxing when in June we annually went to Miacomet Plain on our great gala-day of sheep shearing; and we long for the good old times when we were all engaged in the busy pursuits of life, and hard times unknown on the island.

The early proprietors were generally illiterate; so they induced Peter Folger, the grandfather of Benjamin Franklin, to move here from Martha’s Vineyard, to serve as miller, weaver and interpreter with the Indians, one-half a share of land being offered for his use if he would come, which offer was accepted, and he settled here about 1663.

The first mill for grinding grain was built some three years later.

When Nantucket was first settled by the whites, they observed that whales were plenty all around it, but not knowing how to kill them they were unmolested, until about 1668, when a *scragg whale* was seen sporting around the inner harbor, so they resolved to secure him if it were possible. All got together, a rude harpoon was speedily forged out, and with great peril they attacked the monster and accomplished the feat of turning his flukes up and towing him to the shore. They little thought when they did this that they were making the beginning of a business that was to found the wealth of the island, and secure for it a recognition of its importance throughout the globe.

Their success led them to follow their perilous undertaking until 1672, when they offered a grant of land, with other privileges, to James Loper, to move here “to carry on a design of Whale Citching.” It is uncertain if Loper accepted this offer, nothing being found as yet to prove that he settled here, although the impression prevails among many that he did come. At that time there was no cooper with sufficient skill to make barrels safe enough to hold their oil, so John Savage accepted

an invitation to come here on the same terms offered Loper. The inhabitants, whether Loper came here or not, now formed whaling stations at different locations on the beach round the island, erected spars to look out from for whales, and so with their boats at hand on the shore, were ready to chase the leviathans of the deep whenever they were descried. The Indians were very much pleased with the new industry, its excitement and danger being peculiarly adapted to their venturesome dispositions, and they were very efficient in their aid. The most whales that were ever killed around the island in one day was eleven; and up to the year 1760, shore whaling was pursued with vigor, not a single white person having been killed or drowned while in the business; and as the whales were now getting scarce in the vicinity of the land the pursuit from the shore was abandoned in this year.

The whales have all disappeared from our waters, although an occasional one will wander in our vicinity, seeming to taunt us with the sight of his presence as we reflect on the former avocations of our ancestors.

When whaling from the shore was given up, there was no regular town; but in 1672, a site

was decided upon, and by order of the Governor of New York, the island then being under his jurisdiction, the site was incorporated as Sherburne, and remained so for many years. Nantucket island was a part of New York until 1693, when it was ceded to Massachusetts, and became part of that Province.

Up to the period of 1700, there were no religious societies on the island among the whites, although the people are described as being very devout in their manner, and greatly given to the worship of God. Translations of the Bible in the native dialect had been introduced among the Indians, and they had four churches. The Bible they used was probably the Elliot translation, one having remained on the island up to a late period.

In 1704, Thomas Story, an approved minister of the Society of Friends, came to the island, and so great was his piety, and so impressive his teaching, that a "meeting" was formed, which grew so in strength that nearly all became members, and the society was numbered by hundreds. There are two Friends' meetings at the present day, each branch (for the society in later years split in two from internal dissensions) having their separate meeting

house, although the membership is rapidly decreasing ; and as there are few converts to the faith it looks as though in years to come Quakerism on Nantucket like whaling, will be a thing of the past.

The whales that had been captured from the shore, were all right whales ; but in 1712, Christopher Hussey, while cruising in a small vessel near the island for them, being blown to sea in a gale, killed a spermaceti and brought it into Nantucket.

This gave new impetus to the business, and small craft of about thirty tons were immediately fitted out for cruises of from one to two months. Boats being discarded for vessels, it was now requisite that a suitable landing-place be made, so in 1723, the Straight Wharf was constructed ; that being the one at the foot of our Main street. As the business grew, large vessels were obtained, and longer voyages projected, until in 1775, there were about one hundred and fifty vessels in the business, some of which were quite large brigs. At this time there was a population of forty-five hundred of whites.

The oil-factors of Nantucket were very energetic in their business, for as early as 1745, they had commenced to export oil to Europe on their

own account, and by importing goods wanted in this country, made their ventures very profitable ; and the sperm candles that they shipped out proved to be of so superior a quality, and commanded such a ready sale, that many Nantucketers engaged solely in that line of manufacture and export.

A disease called “the plague,” broke out among the Indians, in 1763. It raged with extreme severity among them for exactly six months, when it suddenly ceased. Before this broke out there were three hundred and fifty-eight ; but when the contagion was over, it was found that two hundred and twenty-two had succumbed to the fell destroyer, Death. The tribe steadily diminished in numbers from this time until 1821, when the last of the race, of full blood, died ; although one half-breed, named Abraham Quary, the last representative of the Nantucket tribe of Indians, lived in a little hut near the Shimmo shore until 1854, when he passed away at the advanced age of eighty-two, the whole race of Indians that our ancestors found here having done precisely as their neighbors on the main land did — by contact with the whites, become civilized from off the face of the earth, although on our island they were singularly

exempt from wars, especially with the settlers, who aided them whenever they could, and always managed to keep at peace with them.

Except when stirred to activity by the excitement of whaling, they were very lazy, and at times would have suffered greatly if they had not been helped by the white folks ; and as they had acquired a taste for the “ fire water ” of the whites, considerable difficulty began to be made. The settlers, to avoid trouble among themselves, elected an Indian named Kadooda as a petty arbitrator in the tribe, and his ideas of justice would in many cases of law at the present day prove very satisfactory to the public ; before proceeding to listen to their grievances, he used often to order both plaintiff and defendant to be soundly whipped. This method of securing justice was arbitrary, but the Indians accepted it as final, for as one of their own race administered the sentence and punishment, they were satisfied, especially when they saw that the whites, whenever there were disputes among themselves, settled their differences by the decision of one of their own choosing, after he had heard the facts of the case plainly set forth by each side. There was no room for *pettifoggers*

at that period, and to this day our islanders avoid suits at law as far as possible, preferring to refer to three fair men for settlement of their disputes, for they fear that suits in court will, at judgment, make each side feel that they would have been better off, if before bringing suit, they had received a little "Kadooda law," and both been whipped.

In the year 1774, when a speck of a war cloud could be seen rising in the political horizon between England and her American colony, the inhabitants of our island were greatly exercised in their minds about the situation of affairs. There were various reasons why they should feel thus perturbed in spirit, for they were differently situated than almost any other colonial community. The majority of the people were Friends in religion, and consequently opposed to war and bloodshed on that account. Then the greater part of their property consisted of whaling vessels at sea, and they feared their capture by armed ships from England was inevitable. There was nothing they could do, however, to stay the course of events, so they waited in resignation, withdrawing their vessels from service as fast as they arrived; and as good luck attended them they

nearly all came home in safety, but few being taken. Those who followed the sea, and also the mechanics whose livelihood depended upon the fitting of vessels, were thrown out of employment, so they were forced to seek new methods of earning bread. Cod-fishing from the shore and farming on the land immediately began to be attended to, and our energetic ancestors were soon busy in their various ways. The sound between the island and the main land was soon filled with British cruisers, and the supply of provisions now getting short, a new trade opened. Blockade-running was attempted by the more daring, and soon a number of idle whaling vessels at the wharves were engaged in this business. Fast brigs and schooners were loaded with oil, candles and fish, and despatched to the West Indies to barter for goods required at home. The risk of capture was very great, and so many of the smugglers were seized that the vessels that escaped being taken were finally withdrawn. Sail-boats plied between the island and Connecticut, however, their navigators running them wholly in the night time, the stormier the weather was, the better their purpose being answered, although the danger of being lost

at sea was infinitely increased. The inhabitants suffered greatly, however, for the necessary articles of life, fuel being among their great deprivations, although they made peat from the swamps fill that want as far as possible ; but when the British landed here in 1779, and sacked the stores of the town of what few goods they had, their cup of sorrow was full to overflowing.

There were a few Tories on the island, although the predominant feeling was for the colony and the new movement for independence. Their feelings were greatly subdued, however, for they deprecated violence, yet the success of the Continental troops in war always gratified them in secret, while reverses caused them proportionate depression and gloominess of spirit.

The Provincial government were so cramped for means that they were powerless to protect a little island like Nantucket, and so the people were forced to live in perpetual fear of being raided upon by crews from vessels of war cruising in the vicinity, and they at last decided that their only salvation from predatory incursions consisted in declaring a strict neutrality ; so in 1779, a committee was appointed by the inhabitants, and acting under

their instructions went to New York, where they represented their condition to Sir George Collier, Commander-in-Chief of the British naval forces, and received from his hands an order prohibiting all armed vessels from meddling with the people of Nantucket or their home property. Of course what vessels they had afloat were not included in this protection. Shortly after this, however, a sloop of war was sent here with orders to destroy the place, it being charged that signals were being given by designated parties to warn in-coming vessels that they were liable to be captured by the enemy. It was proved clearly to the commander of this expedition that it was a libellous report, and after thoroughly frightening the defenceless community he sailed without molesting them.

When peace was declared, at last, the Nantucketers were filled with joy although their business was destroyed. One old man who died a few years since, when alive, was fond of telling his recollection of peace ; he said : “ When I was a small boy a man came running up the street shouting, ‘ Peace ! peace ! ’ and then cheering lustily.

“ ‘ Why don’t you hurrah, boy ? ’ he asked me.

“ ‘ What does peace mean ? ’ I asked.

“ ‘Plenty of white bread and molasses,’ was his reply as he hurried away to impart the glorious news to others.

“ I understood him in a moment, went to cheering as loud as I could, and for years after thought peace meant, ‘plenty of white bread and molasses.’ ”

There were about one hundred and fifty whalers before the war, but when the revolution arrived at its happy conclusion our island only boasted of a fleet of two. New craft was obtained as soon as possible, and the people began afresh. Whaling in the Pacific Ocean was attempted in 1791, the first ship being sent there then, and it proved a very fortunate adventure, for she returned in about a year and a half with a full cargo of oil.

In 1795 the name of the town was changed from Sherburne to that of the island — Nantucket. It now increased in population until 1845, the war of 1812 having occurred in that time, although the island did not suffer so much deprivation during that troublesome period as it did in the protracted struggle of the country for Independence.

It was during the war of 1812, that a sanguinary battle was fought on the sea near our island,

and the peaceful inhabitants saw the horrors of war brought to their own door.

On the 10th of October, 1814, a privateer with a prize ship in convoy anchored off the south side of the island. The privateer proved to be the *Prince of Neufchatel*, a Yankee vessel commanded by a Frenchman who was so hideous in his appearance and so diminutive in stature that he is described as a very Caliban in looks.

Shortly after they anchored off from Madde-queecham Pond, a vessel that was in sight hull down, only her tophamper being visible, began to head for the privateer.

The approaching vessel proved to be the British frigate *Endymion*; and after overhauling the privateer she hove to outside of her prey and prepared to send a boat expedition to capture her.

The boats, five in number, left the *Endymion* about 2 P.M., the squadron containing 146 men, commanded by the first lieutenant of the frigate; and they opened the battle by attempting to board the *Prince* and carry her by assault, but was totally defeated in thirty-five minutes, the naval affray being witnessed by many from the beach, while the noise of the fight was plainly heard in town.

The *Prince* depended upon small arms for their defence, for having plenty of muskets they loaded two hundred of them and the result was, that two of the boats were captured, the largest sunk, with all on board, and out of 146 in the boat expedition only 16 returned to the *Endymion*.

The privateer took but twenty-seven prisoners, and as seventeen of them were wounded the loss of the assaulting party was terrible, the first lieutenant of the frigate, as well as the subaltern officers being among the slain; and having lost a third of her complement of men, the frigate gave up the attack in despair, and not daring to come in over the shoals between her and the privateer, sailed away.

Several of the crew of the *Prince of Neufchatel* were killed, among them being Mr. Charles J. Hilburn, of Nantucket, who was on board acting as a pilot. The wounded prisoners were sent ashore in charge of five other prisoners, all under parole, being landed at Sesachacha, at that time a village of thirty or forty houses, and from there they were brought to town for medical assistance.

Sunday, October 16th, nine that were killed in the fight, or died of their wounds, were landed for

burial, and then the privateer sailed for Boston with her prize, arriving there in safety.

The captain of the privateer was so elated with his success, that on hearing the frigate had gone to the Vineyard, he declared he would attack and destroy her there ; but as the British vessel carried forty-four heavy guns, he decided that prudence was the better part of valor, and after landing his wounded and dead, ended the thing by proceeding at once to Boston.

Nantucket, despite her Quaker tendencies, had a good representation in the service of the country, and we have obtained the following list of names, and the branch of service they were in :

Daniel Fitch, Sylvanus Long (killed in battle), Thomas Hussey, Christopher Bunker, John Barnard, Owen Russell, John Cottle, Andrew Coffin, Seth Long, Clothier Allen, John Kelley, Samuel Gardner, William P. Coffin, Seth Pollard, Solomon Coffin, Jr., and Edward Hussey in privateers.

Abisha Gardner, Amos Bowls, Henry Coleman, David A. Macy, Matthew Jones, Barzillai Stetson, William Worth, David Russell and Giles Folger, in the navy.

Gorham Macy and William Keene were in a Spanish privateer ; and David Bunker and Charles Gardner, 3d, in the ship President.

In the army, there were :

Jesse Parker, Caleb Cushman, Thomas Barker, Thomas Kelley, Ezekiel Clark, Charles Swain, Francis Young, Joseph Elkins and Nathaniel Bunker, Jr.

Of the foregoing list, all but two have passed away. One is Captain William Worth, who was a boatswain on Commodore Porter's frigate, having joined it after having the whaler he commanded captured by the British; and he yet lives to tell the tale of his cruise with the commodore.

The other veteran is Mr. Edward Hussey, who was for a time, a resident in a celebrated chateau in England, known as Dartmoor Prison, he having been captured by the British, and been a partaker of its hospitalities. They are always ready to tell their experiences in the '12 war, and their stories will well repay one to hear from their own lips, for they still retain vigorous minds of a superior cast.

Nantucket also boasts of another person, who, in an humble way, was an active member in his-

toric times, it being Mr. Robert Ratcliff, who was a petty officer on the British frigate that carried the fallen emperor, Napoleon Bonaparte, to his island jail, St. Helena.

An interview with these old veterans is really worth the while to those of us who live in later dates; for there is an indescribable charm in seeing those who were actors in such exciting times.

Banking-houses had been established, and the strict spirit of Quakerism began to break, the inhabitants, from their commercial communications on the main land having acquired a more worldly feeling, for they now began to conform more to the customs of their neighbors. A Universalist church was organized about this period, the society holding their services in a hall leased for the purpose; but that form of religion was too liberal in its teachings, and after languishing for a few years it died out for want of substantial encouragement.

Schools were opened to the public in 1827, and after a great effort by the editor of the *Inquirer*, Hon. S. H. Jenks, a High School was formed, which immediately began to acquire a good reputation for the scholarly attainments to be had from

it ; and it enjoys its excellent reputation to this day.

It was during this year that Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, of the British navy, visited the island and found he was related by blood to nearly all of the inhabitants ; and being desirous of showing some regard for his kinsmen, consulted their feelings and founded the Coffin School, endowing it liberally ; the school yet being in prosperous condition, having a high standard in its educational course, and being held in great local estimation ; showing the wisdom of its founder in thus erecting a monument that will endure for ages, and cause his name to be remembered long after his fame will be forgotten in his own country.

In July, 1846, a fire broke out on the Main street and swept through the business part of the town, and in less than ten hours nearly a million dollars worth of property was destroyed. It was a hard blow to the island ; and this was followed by many of the whaling fleet making very disastrous voyages. The California fever swept over the island in 1849, before the people had fully recovered from their previous reverses, and many men, heads of families, sought new fields for busi-

ness in the Eldorado so glowingly pictured. In about three years' time over a thousand of our citizens had gone to the Pacific slope, and whaling, that had declined before, now began to die out fast. Despite all these reverses it had begun to revive some, when the war of the rebellion burst forth, and now our whaling business received its death blow.

Our men went into the cause of the Union with prompt celerity, not only in the navy, where it would seem likeliest for them according to their birth and education, but also in the army, and the quota from Nantucket was always kept full. There were sixty-nine who lost their lives by bullet and disease during the war, while her crippled veterans can be seen any time, attesting the fact that the same blood that attacked whales did not flinch before the foes of the country.

Nantucket as a place of business has declined, but there is yet a glorious future before her. Although her whalers are all sold, and her oil factories torn down or closed up, yet the people love their home and will yet see it arise from its prostration, and like a Phœnix, emerge from the ashes only to reach higher altitudes. There has been

an attempt in this historical sketch to show how the island grew in prosperity to the present time, and having essayed to do this, the attention of the reader is now invited to look at

NANTUCKET AS A WATERING PLACE.

The writer of these pages, while sitting in Willard's in Washington, some years ago, heard a gentleman say to another, "I believe you are from Philadelphia, are you not?" and receiving an answer in the affirmative, greeted him as an acquaintance. Their conversation became general, and soon they were talking about the different towns and cities of the country. "There are three dead places, sir," said one. "What are they?" inquired the other. "Perth Amboy, New Jersey, Annapolis, Maryland, and Nantucket, Massachusetts," was the reply. His *vis-a-vis* coincided. We hastened to the defence of our native town, and proclaimed ourself as a true son of the little island so unjustly condemned, saying stoutly, "Nantucket does not admit its death

until it is laid out as beautifully as Philadelphia." The point was considered well taken, and we assure our readers that the cigars that immediately followed were also.

Nantucket is far from death. Having furnished light for the world, she is now commencing to furnish health for the weary summer sojourner who lingers on her shore, as she furnished refuge to Thomas Macy over a couple of centuries ago.

Situate some thirty miles out in the sea, and being a narrow island, it is continually swept by winds from the broad Atlantic, there being no long intervale of wooded land to heat the air as it crosses the island from point to point, no matter in what direction the wind may come from. When the thermometer ranges about 75° , which it seldom does for the summer, the people begin to think it is very hot; and when it announces 80° in the middle of the day, then the weather is fearful, although it only remains for a few hours at that height; and scarcely a night passes but what the bed clothing is very comfortable indeed.

With such a recommendation for the delightful atmosphere it enjoys, Nantucket does not fail to charm the visitors to its shores, and induce their

return another season. Fish and fowl were inducements for the first visitors, and fish yet remains an attraction for travelers. The shooting, before the ready guns of our skilled sportsmen, has nearly or quite gone ; but fish yet remain in abundance. Blue-fish swarm in the waters, giving the disciples of old Walton but little chance for deep reverie as they experience the bite of the voracious fish, and with their fingers well protected by rubber cots, pull him into the boat, or land their game through the surf on the shore, the whole body quivering with excitement as they unhook their ten-pounder, and give another cast into the sea. For a day's sport with fish, blue-fishing is one of our attractions, and you go again and again, never seeming to have satiety.

Scupping is another favorite amusement ; and although the excitement is not so great for the gentlemen, yet the ladies, not having to exercise so much strength, prefer this sport greatly, especially if their gentlemen friends escort them and exert their talent to keep the hooks well-baited for the fair ones, and yet catch as many fish as their lovely companions do ; and as the fish bite sharp there must be quick work to answer the call for

“more bait,” attend to their own line, and keep their hand up.

Pond-fishing is also a pleasant way of passing the day. You go to Sesachacha, or Sachacha Pond, as it is called, and going out in a small boat on this delightful lake, you surprise yourself after two hours’ fishing, by finding that your catch of the beautiful silver perch is reckoned by hundreds.

Or again you take a reed and go to the Hummock at the North Head, or to either end of the Long Pond, and pull the finny perch ashore with a success that is perfectly astonishing. But you have now exhausted the gentler fishing, and you sigh for new fields to conquer.

A trip sharking is proposed. Securing one of the jaunty yachts at the wharf you take a run down to Great Point, and having baited the immense swivel-hook with a blue-fish caught on the run down, you drop a line to the sea-lawyers loafing round in the waters below, waiting for something to turn up, or down, just as you please.

After waiting patiently for the scent to spread about, and wondering whether you’ll get a bite or not, and also if you will be able to tell if you do,

you feel a jerk on the line that almost takes it from your grasp, and with a faint suspicion in your mind that you have caught a whale, you announce that you are "fast." Now comes the excitement!

The shark, for it is one, darts furiously from side to side, and keeping the line taut, you allow him to expend his strength with impotent rage as he lashes the water into foam, and almost succeeds in leaping into your craft. Slowly but surely you pull him up to the gunwale of the boat, and at last you have him alongside. Your captain grasps his billy, and smiting him over the nose leaves him a quivering carcass, and you take him aboard. What a monster! Ten feet long if he is an inch and weighs over four hundred pounds! It is a sand shark. One of the man-eating tribe; and as you look into his gaping mouth, armed with several rows of teeth, you see how readily he could tear your limbs off, and you give a sigh of satisfaction for the excitement of securing him that you have just gone through with, and feel glad that you have rid the world of one such a monster; and having directed your captain to clean the jaw and send it to your home, that you may exhibit it as a fox hunter does his brush, you com-

mence your venturesome sport again, until you have taken from four to eight, and the captain thinks it is imprudent to take any more aboard ; so with tired body you proceed to have a bite for yourself from the lunch-box you have brought with you, while the little yacht is speeding on its way home ; and having landed your ugly catch on the wharf you find that you are indeed an object of interest to those whose nerves will not allow them to essay any more exciting fishing than that heretofore described.

Fishing at Nantucket cannot be excelled at any point around our coast, and those who essay their skill in that direction never complain of "a fisherman's luck."

A NANTUCKET SQUANTUM.

Squantum is a peculiarly local word at Nantucket, conveying as a general meaning, the word pic-nic. But the natives have another definition to it. When they talk of a squantum in its perfect sense they also include a clam-bake ; and one

of our island clam-bakes is a marvel of gastronomic success.

Those who are uninitiated with its mysteries may be somewhat interested to know how the bakes are conducted, so we will endeavor to give them a faint description.

We will suppose that you desire to have a squantum on the beautiful little island of Tuckernuck, a pleasant ten miles' sail from town, and have given directions accordingly to the skipper of the yacht that you have engaged, telling him what day you would like to go.

At the appointed time you take your company aboard the yacht and start on the excursion, relying that every arrangement has been made in accordance with your directions, and a couple of hours later you land on Tuckernuck.

Everything is ready for your coming, a deep hole having been dug in the ground, paved with clean cobble stones taken from the edge of the shore, where by the ceaseless action of the waves they have become perfectly smooth and clean, and are admirably adapted for their present use.

A hot fire has been built on them some hours previous to the arrival of the party, and you find

they are red-hot when you get there, and the man in attendance is just sweeping the last cinders from the fiery bed of stone.

A thin layer of moist sea-weed is now spread over the hot stones, clams distributed over the smoking covering, a layer of the sea-weed again, more clams sandwiched in, and now a few dressed fowl are placed in, with potatoes, and if the season is late enough a few dozen ears of corn in the husk, and the heap rounded over with sea-weed and left to its fate.

The fumes soon begin to arise with appetizing odor, especially as you feel as though you could eat a whale after your trip over the water from island to island, and you are prepared to do justice to the feast when the master of ceremonies announces that the bake is ready and the squantum has commenced.

The covering of sea-weed is carefully removed, your eyes being greeted with the sight of the fowl done to a turn, the clams having impregnated them with a seasoning that cannot be appreciated by any one who has not been there before.

The vegetables in the next layer have aided to flavor the fowl, and they in turn have a suspicion

of clams lingering about them, while the shell-fish themselves are a dish fit to set before a king.

You eat as you never ate before, and realize how one of our "institutions" must be seen to be understood, for it can never be described and have the justice done to it with a pen that you can give it with your taste and teeth.

We have given but a few of the attractions for sport on our island, and now we will attempt to show how your time can be pleasantly employed in sight-seeing.

There are many places to be visited, and we would recommend a visit to the South Shore and have a look at old Ocean as it lashes the land in impotent rage, vainly attempting to snatch mouthfuls of the land in its remorseless grasp, and be able to know that it is in this delightful spot that a company have established a place of summer resort, naming it

SURF-SIDE.

Driving down Orange street, by the beautiful park and race track of the Agricultural Society, you pass the grove of pines to the south, the roar

of the ocean greeting your ears long before it appears in view.

By the Weeweder and Nobadeer ponds, you drive out to the Humane House on the edge of the shore erected by the National Government, and find on arriving there that the broad Atlantic is tumbling in at your feet. Now a short wave comes rolling in, followed by another and another, and anon comes a huge roller that dashes furiously on the beach, making you leave the edge of the water rather precipitately, the sound of the wave seeming to laugh at your scramble away from its moist embrace.

You are looking out over the broad expanse of ocean and as you listen to the lullaby of the waters, and reflect that your next neighbors are on the Azores, you begin to appreciate the grandeur of the scene, and your admiration of the locality so entrances you that you involuntarily shout: "WHAT A LOCATION FOR A WATERING PLACE!" and you wonder how it has been neglected so long; for here is the ocean view, and the south wind fresh from its bosom is full of bracing health.

Pond-fishing and salt water fishing are right at your hand, both being contiguous, and you see the

superiority of the situation at a glance, and commend the sagacious forethought of the company who have secured the immense tract of land for miles along the shore, and are now laying it out on a grand scale for a watering-place and at prices that are within the reach of every one, and you long at once for a cottage right here, where you can have the thermometer below the seventies all summer, and enjoy yourself thoroughly.

A little to the westward are a group of houses, and on driving to them you find it is a fishing-station established by the islanders so they can leave their boats and fishing paraphernalia under cover, and also store their catch of cod.

A neat little restaurant has been erected here named the South Shore House, and having created quite an appetite by your drive in the bracing air, you give it a call, and find that you can get a lunch or dinner that will suit the most fastidious in taste ; and if you are thirsty, why a cool draught of cider, small beer, etc., await your call.

Although the shore that you are now leaving in the distance as you wend your way to town is roaring behind you, it is only in a peaceful mood ; for it is only seen in its wildest grandeur in winter ;

and woe unto the unfortunate ship, that, driven from its course, finds the south shore of Nantucket under its lee in a storm ; for there is scarcely a chance of escape from wreck ; and if driven ashore in the night, it may prove the death-bed of the unfortunate mariners aboard ; as it did when the schooner Haines was wrecked, and all hands, some six or seven in number, were lost ; or like the ship Newton, wrecked two days after the Haines, when twenty-seven found a watery grave, carrying horror to the inhabitants of the island, and desolation to many homes in this country and abroad, for the Newton belonged in Hamburg ; and these are only two of a great number of such disasters.

You have arrived in town at last, and now comes a visit to the beautiful

VILLAGE OF SIASCONSET.

The road to Sconset is unique to strangers, because it is so tame ; and the only thing wanting to complete the monotony of the thing is some

sign boards with "Don't rut the road," on them, as there used to be before the weather destroyed them.

'Sconset is seven and a half miles from town, a straggling row of pine trees bordering either side of the road, the distance being accurately defined by lonesome looking mile-stones, at regular intervals apart.

After some forty or fifty minutes driving you arrive at this village, finding it a collection of diminutive cottages, seeming from their appearance to have been taken from a German toy-box and left out of doors here.

Down the principal street in the village, by the Atlantic House, a very comfortable place to tarry in, you stop your horse at a neat restaurant, and see an arch over a tasty bridge bearing the inscription,

SUNSET HEIGHTS.

This is the new watering-place established by Dr. Ellis, and his partner, Mr. Robinson, (see advertisement, page 80,) and again you are charmed by the location.

Situate on a bluff overlooking the water, you can see the sun rise and set in its illimitable expanse, watch the surf roll in at your feet, and reclining on the piazza of one of the cottages, you sit wrapt in the scene before you.

Bathing houses are contiguous, sea-fishing and sharking are right at hand, while the delightful cottages already erected add attraction to the place. You drink in the grandeur of the location, and leave it with regret as you turn your team toward the famous

SANKATY HEAD LIGHT-HOUSE.

But a short distance from Sconset, upon a bluff nearly 90 feet above the level of the sea, stands this towering beacon, 65 feet high, from the top of which, at intervals of one minute, bursts forth a flood of light which is visible for many miles out at sea, and it has the reputation of being the best cared for light on the American coast.

The keeper receives you with all courtesy, and politely escorts you over his establishment,

after seeing which you no longer wonder at the reputation it enjoys, for its neatness is purity itself.

You have mounted the spiral staircase, counted the treads (as every one before you has done), and now are amply repaid for your tedious journey heavenward by a look at the surrounding country.

There is the broad sea, dotted here and there with the white sails of commerce, behind you the beautiful village you have just left, while a distant view of the town and the little fishing hamlets in the immediate vicinity form a panorama that you cannot find an equal to, go where you may.

Yonder is the Sesachacha Pond, a lake of no mean size, teeming with fish, while beyond it is the fishing station of Quidnet, but as your time is limited, you descend from your lofty perch with regret and wend your way thither, after purchasing from the keeper some of Freeman's excellent photographs of the place as a memento of your visit there.

There is scarcely anything of interest in Quidnet but fishing on the pond, except

THE OLD HERMIT.

Here in a quaint old domicile is the hermit of Nantucket, Frederick Parker, whom all must visit that come here. Seated in his cabin, newspaper in hand, he receives you with evident pleasure ; for though he has banished himself from his fellow-men, he yet enjoys the news of the world, and calls from visitors. He must be seen to be understood and is a history in himself.

Leaving the hermit, you return to town, stopping on your way to get a draught of water from the celebrated Eat Fire spring, and lingering near the farm where stood the historic country mansion of Miriam Coffin, you pass through the farming village of Polpis, arriving at town in due time.

A SAUNTER IN THE SUBURBS.

Going up Centre Street, you wend your way to what is called the Uriah Gardner Hill, and take a look at the oldest house on the island.

Situate some distance from the road, it is a quaint old mansion, and with its horse shoe of bricks let into the chimney, put there in the Salem period to scare away witches, and with its long slope roof in the rear, it shows plainly that it is an antiquated place; while the oak knees in the rooms, just like those in a ship to insure strength in storms, tell how our ancestors preferred durability and comfort to beauty and elegance. The house fronts due south, our forefathers having the idea that the view in that direction was the correct thing, they taking great pains to lay the sill of their homes by the North star, going in the evening for that purpose; and this house conforms to the prevailing fashion of that time. It was built in 1686, and now, with only a very little repairs, it would be habitable for many years, notwithstanding the fact that it has stood the storms of nearly two centuries.

From thence, you follow round by the cemeteries of the North Congregational Society (commonly known as the **Gardners' Burial Grounds**), and visit the farm formerly owned by Mr. Benjamin B. Gardner.

It was here that the mother of Dr. Benjamin Franklin was brought up, and traces of the spring where she used to draw water are yet in existence.

Passing beyond this, you come upon the remains of an ancient burying ground, just to the East of the Maxcy's Pond. There is only one grave left in this city of the dead, and curious to relate, it is the grave of one of the first settlers, who bore the title of Captain — John Gardner. The stone is in a fair state of preservation and bears the inscription : “Here lies the body of John Gardner, who was born in y^e year 1624, and died A.D. 1706, aged 82.” The records show that he was at one time a magistrate, and he bore an excellent reputation for probity and general information.

Beyond the Maxcy's and Washing ponds you pass the Cupaum pond, and pressing up the abrupt hill to the north, you stand on Trot's hills, where the town of Sherburne was originally located before it was changed to its present site. Remains of cellars are yet to be seen, but the houses are all gone. The only building left in existence is the one in the rear of the North Congrega-

tional church, that is now used by the society for the Sunday school and vestry. The date of its erection is unknown but it is supposed to be somewhere in the early part of the eighteenth century. It was built from the oaks with which the island was at that period nearly covered. In 1765 it was moved to Beacon hill, and in 1834 again moved back a few rods to make room for the new church edifice.

It was in this building that the trial of the Indian Quibby, for murder on ship-board, was held. All the high dignitaries were present, and the famous Governor Hutchinson presided. The prisoner was sentenced to be hanged by the neck till he was "*dead! dead! DEAD!*" and then remanded back to jail to await execution; but ere the appointed day arrived, as if to show that one murder did not satisfy his blood-thirsty propensities, he quarrelled with a fellow-prisoner, and seizing him by the throat, choked him until life was extinct. The execution of this doubly-dyed criminal took place in 1769, near what was called the Newtown gate, or in the vicinity of where stands the first mile-stone from town, on the road to 'Sconset.

After leaving Trot's hills you go to Maddeket, where the first settlers lived, and finding all traces of the early inhabitants have disappeared, you return to town satisfied with your saunter.

WRECKS AT NANTUCKET.

We have made but casual mention of wrecks at Nantucket, and will now refer to them again.

Surrounded as we are by dangerous shoals, the island is greatly dreaded by mariners, for they know the dangers of shipwreck on its shores and endeavor to avoid it ; but with all their precaution disasters do occur, and occasionally with mournful loss of life attending them.

Nothing can describe the state of mind under which the inhabitants labor when a wreck is reported with loss of life. On the 23d of December, in the year 1865, a schooner was reported ashore on the south side of the island. It proved to be the schooner Haines, loaded with dye-wood, from Cuba for Boston, where she belonged, and the community were terribly shocked when it was ascertained that all on board, in attempting to get

ashore in their boat, were drowned. Not one left to tell the tale.

The vessel was taken in charge by Mr. Peter Folger, the Underwriters' agent, and he was on his way to attend to some duties where she lay, when news of another wreck in the south east quarter was brought him.

Driving down to the place of disaster, a scene of confusion greeted his eyes. The ship, for it was thought to be a large iron one, was just outside the edge of the surf, breaking and rending into bits before the mad waves that were rolling furiously ashore, while her cargo of barrels of kerosene oil was all afloat, dashing here and there before the impulse of the wild sea.

It was the ship Newton of Hamburg, on a voyage from New York home; and now on this Christmas morning she was going to pieces, while her crew of twenty-seven were all drowned; but one poor unfortunate getting ashore, he having succeeded in landing in a nude condition, walking within a mile of a farm house, and then dying of exposure and exhaustion, the people finding his body as they drove to the scene of the disaster.

It was afterwards identified as that of the second mate of the Newton.

The affair cast a deep gloom over the horror-stricken community, following, as it did, so closely upon that of the Haines.

Nearly all the bodies from both vessels were recovered and the whole community went *en masse* to the funeral services at the Methodist Episcopal Church, from whence the burial took place. The masons, ascertaining that the captain was a member of the fraternity, took charge of his body and buried it with masonic rites.

Christmas is a great gala-day with the Germans, but this was a terrible greeting to go flashing over the wires to the loving families in a foreign land.

Many conjectures were rife as to the cause of the disaster, but as there was not a single survivor spared to tell the tale, the affair must always remain shrouded in mystery.

The following vessels have also been wrecked, with loss of life attending them :

Ships Earl of Eglington and Forest Prince, barks Cornwallis and John Swazy, and schooner Rosalie, these being but few instances of a great many similar occurrences.

While at times there is mournful loss of life, there is also great pleasure in recording heroic attempts to rescue human beings from watery graves, and we note the two following incidents, with great regret that we are so limited for space in this little book and only able to mention what we do.

About the middle of October, 1845, the brig Mariner stranded on the bar, and the crew, six in number, were rescued with great difficulty by a party to whom the Massachusetts Humane Society awarded medals. The following extract of a letter written by their local agent, the late P. H. Folger, Esq., tells us how one of the heroes lost his life before this reward for his bravery was made, the medals not coming till some months later.

Messrs. Heman Eldredge and William Patterson had gold and the rest silver ones.

Gentlemen: It has become my pleasing duty, at the request of the Massachusetts Humane Society, to present to you in the name of that society, two elegant Gold, and ten Silver medals, executed and engraved for the Society, enclosed in neat cases, and bearing the following inscriptions, commemorative of the object for which they were bestowed: On one side, "Awarded by the Massachusetts Humane Society, to — — —," and on the other,

“ For his humane exertions in rescuing the crew of the
Brig Mariner, wrecked on Nantucket, October, 1845.”

* * * *

But sadness come over me, when I count these tokens of approbation, and recollect that one, to whom it would have been my pleasure to convey this medal of the Society, has met that fate which this community so long anticipated. From my boyhood up to the moment of his untimely death, when danger was abroad, and one was needed to rush in and rescue life from destruction, there was but one unanimous enquiry, and that was, “ where is Meltiah Fisher?” He met his death, as you are aware, by one of those dangers to which his whole life was exposed. A short time since, a vessel was seen some miles distant from our harbor in want of a pilot. Alone, in his boat he embarked to render her the assistance required, but ere he reached her, his boat foundered in the sea, and he met a grave in that element over which he had so often rode in its wildest fury.

In expressing the approbation of the Massachusetts Humane Society, and giving these more enduring marks which I have the honor of presenting to you, please accept my personal well wishes for yourselves and your families, and believe me, gentlemen,

Respectfully yours, &c.,

Nantucket, July 20th, 1846. P. H. FOLGER.

To HEMAN ELDREDGE, Ebenezer Gould, George Fisher,
Joseph Perry, Hiram Fisher, Jesse Eldredge, WILLIAM
PATTERSON, Moses Hamilton, Theoph. Key, John
Hall, Henry Young, Meltiah Fisher.

The other case we mention was that of the schooner *Mary Anna*, stranded in about the same place over twenty-five years after the first one, the men going in the night time over rotten ice, and with infinite risk of their own lives saving the lives of six, who were expecting to freeze, and we take especial pride in presenting the names of,— Isaac Hamblin, Alexander Fanning, George A. Veeder, Joseph P. Gardner, William Bates, Stephen Key, James A. Holmes, Henry C. Coffin.

We now conclude this volume, with a directory of the public places, want of room compelling us to omit much we had prepared to publish.

NANTUCKET DIRECTORY

FOR 1875.

LODGES.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

Union Lodge, F. & A. M.— Benjamin F. Brown, W. M. ; Reuben C. Kenney, S. W. ; Seth M. Coffin, J. W. ; James A. Holmes, S. D. ; John Chinery, J. D. ; Henry C. Pinkham, S. S. ; George W. Defriez, J. S. ; George W. Macy, Marshall ; Charles P. Swain, Secretary ; George Swain, Treasurer ; Francis B. Smith, Tyler ; John W. Hallett, Organist. [The Union Lodge was chartered in 1771.]

Isle of the Sea, Royal Arch Chapter.— Joseph S. Barney ; H. P. ; William B. Starbuck, K. ; George W. Defriez, Scribe ; George W. Macy, Treas. ; Orrin F. Adams, Secretary ; George S. Wilbur, C. of H. ; Benjamin F. Brown, P. S. ; Reuben C. Kenney, R. A. C. ; Charles H. Jaggar, M. 3d V. ; Robert F. Kent, M. 2d V. ; Albion Bucknam, M. 1st V. ; John W. Hallett, Organist ; Francis B. Smith, Tyler.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

Nantucket Lodge, No. 66, (Instituted 1845). — Josiah Freeman, N. G. ; Josiah F. Murphey, V. G. ; William C. L'Hommedieu, Treas. ; Charles H. Tracy, O. G.

Wanackmamack Encampment.— Almon T. Mowry, C. P. ; Henry Paddock, H. P. ; Josiah Freeman, S. W. ; A. W. N. Small, J. W. ; Benjamin F. Brown, G. ; Francis B. Smith, S. ; William C. L'Hommedieu, T. ; Charles H. Tracy, S ; William H. Coffin, D. D. G. P.

Island Lodge Degree of Rebekah, No. 24.— William B. Starbuck, N. G. ; Mrs. Priscilla F. Coffin, V. G. ; Mrs. Emmie Grew, Treasurer ; Mrs. Avis N. Murphy, Recording Secretary ; Mrs. Mary L. Smith, Financial Secretary ; Henry Paddock, Chaplain.

William H. Waitt, D. D. G. M., for this district.

The above lodges hold their respective meetings in Sherburne Hall, Centre St.

SOCIETIES.

Agricultural — Atheneum (West Room), A. M. Myrick, President.

Howard Benevolent — Room on Federal Street ; Mrs. George Starbuck, President ; Mrs. Harriet Pierce, Secretary. The Ladies' Howard Society was formed

in November, 1836, by the union of three previously existing societies, viz: — The Fragment, Benevolent, and Charitable. The Howard Society was incorporated 1846.

Relief Association for the aid of Indigent, Aged People ; Invested Funds, \$2,200. Subscriptions solicited. Mrs. Harriet Pierce, Mrs. David C. Baxter, Mrs. Sarah Townsend, Committee, and a board of Directors comprising twelve other ladies.

Union Benevolent — Mrs. Mary B. Winslow, President ; Mrs. Sarah A. Coffin, Sec. and Treas., and a committee of twelve other ladies.

Children's Aid — Organized in 1861 ; Miss L. S. Baker, Secretary.

Sorosis ; Mrs. Elizabeth Crosby, President ; Mrs. Charlotte Pearson, Vice-Pres. ; Mrs. H. M. Robinson, Sec. ; Mrs. C. Starbuck, Treas.

Humane — building and apparatus on Water street. There are about a dozen Humane houses located at various points round the island.

BANKS.

Pacific National Bank — Corner Main and Centre streets, (fronting the Square) ; Organized 1804 ; Capital, \$200,000. F. C. Sanford, President ; Joseph Mitchell, Cashier. William H. Chadwick, Asst. Cashier.

Institution for Savings — Main street, 2d door below Centre, (up one flight); Joseph C. Chase, President; Matthew Barney, Treasurer; Alexander Macy, Jr., Asst. Treas.

PUBLIC OFFICES.

Custom House — in brick building, owned by Pacific Club, corner of Main and Water streets; William P. Hiller, Collector; Wm. H. Waitt, Deputy Collector and Inspector; Matthew Macy Inspector.

Post-Office — Main street, opposite Federal; A Whitney, Postmaster.

Town Offices (Selectmen's Room. Register of Deeds and Notary Public (Wm. H. Macy) office, Town Clerk's and Collector of Taxes' Office, &c.), Town's building on Union street.

COURTS.

Supreme and Superior — Town Hall; George W. Jenks, Clerk.

Probate — Town's building; T. C. Defriez, Judge, Sam'l Swain, Reg.

PRINTING OFFICES.

ISLAND REVIEW and *Inquirer & Mirror*. (See advertisements.)

THE END.

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Fancy Goods, Stationery,

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Blank Books, Note, Letter and Bill Paper, Envelopes, Inks, Pens and Pen Holders, Drawing Paper, Bristol Board, together with a general assortment of all articles in the above line.

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Pocket Cutlery, Scissors, Shaving Apparatus, Portemonnaies and Wallets, Playing and Visiting Cards.

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HISTORICAL MAPS, LARGE SIZE, - - - \$3.00.
SMALL SIZE, - - - 50 cents.

Those wishing the Large Historical Maps, will do well to secure them early, as there are but a limited number now in print.

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SINGLE TEAMS,

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Designed especially to convey parties on

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Hacks for the Public Conveyance,

AT ALL HOURS.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

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Lying at Steamboat Wharf, Nantucket, will take parties

BLUE-FISHING, SCUPPING AND SHARKING,

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MOONLIGHT EXCURSIONS.

TERMS MODERATE.

The DAWNING LIGHT is well found in every respect, as fast as any yacht of her size, and dry and comfortable in sailing.

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Y A C H T

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PARTIES TAKEN TO THE FISHING BANKS.

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AGENT FOR THE

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Real Estate in Nantucket.

Office, Main Street, opposite Orange.

Parties wishing to Negotiate, will Please Address as above.

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Hardware, Stoves,

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TO WOODS HOLE.

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Architect, Builder & Contractor,
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Having an established reputation in designing plans for Houses, and making a specialty of Summer Residences, I am prepared to erect in a substantial and expeditious manner,

HOUSES, VILLAS AND COTTAGES,

In neat and elegant styles of finish.

Building Lots and Cottages

in desirable locations for Summer Residences, for sale.

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S U M M E R R E S O R T !

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COTTAGES AND LOTS

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FOR SALE.

The attention of all seeking a delightful Summer Resort is invited to the natural advantages and beauties of this spot. Situate on a bluff at the South-east side of the Island and close to the delightful

Village of Siasconset,

the situation is not surpassed, if equalled, by any on the New England coast. Great improvements have been made, a large tract of land laid out into house lots, several cottages erected, and others ready to put up.

B A T H I N G H O U S E S

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Fresh and salt water fishing may be carried on within a short distance of the "Heights."

Regular stage communication with the town of Nantucket through the summer is established, and passengers can be taken to Sunset "Heights" from the Steamer.

The house lots average 50x75 feet — some larger — and will be offered to purchasers at prices ranging from

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Lithographed Plans are ready, which with any information required, will be furnished upon application to

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Nantucket Surf-Side Company,

Having purchased a tract of about 2,000 acres of land on the

SOUTH SHORE OF NANTUCKET,

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THE LOTS ARE 80 x 120 FEET.

The location is unsurpassed, and there is no cooler spot for a Water-
ing-Place on the Eastern coast of the United States.

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Whale sixty feet long, Wreck Scenes, and other novelties.
These Views are for sale at the

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Good comfortable rooms are provided, well lighted
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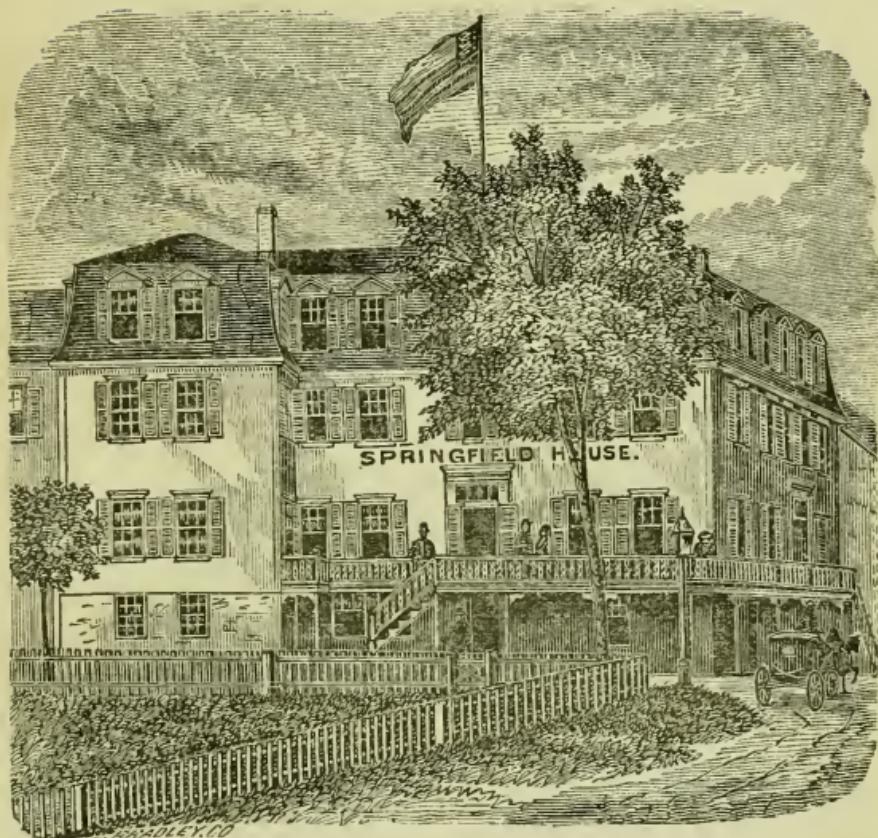
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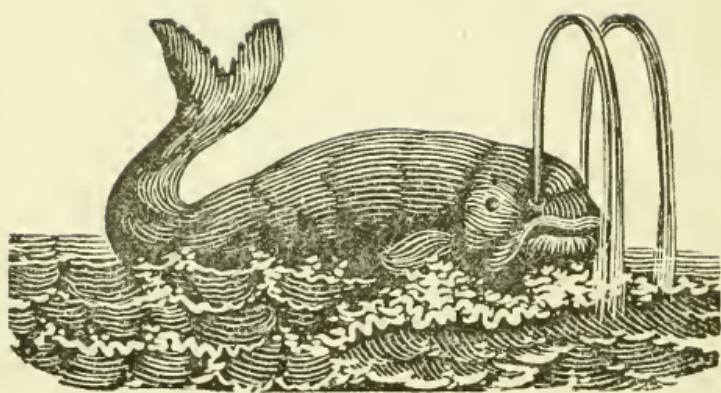


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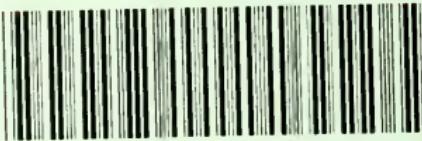
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